

Saturday, December 3, 2016

Yes! Tomorrow I'm going to shoot a hand gun. I can't wait. I haven't fired a gun in a decade. By just holding a gun in my hands I can feel my power grow. It's going to be insanely hard not to shoot myself tomorrow... I think about death every hour. I'm obsessed with it. Ghosts, zombies, skeletons, graves, cemeteries, dark skies, dead leaves, witches, you name it.

I know a shot to the head ~~isn't~~ isn't a guaranteed fatality, but it's usually the most efficient method. I've envisioned pouring gasoline all over me and the ground (completely flooding the area with it), lighting a match with the gun to my head, and then just doing it. Boom.. DEAD.. before you even knew what hit you.

I haven't mentioned my passion for fire. I fucking love it. I want to be cremated by fire; disposing of this filth of a body. Ember perished in a fire, and I intend to do the same, only with a little insurance ~~for~~. I always wonder when it'll happen. When will I go for it? May 7, 2019 would be perfect. All I know is, I probably won't make it to see 30. I ~~WISHED~~ WISHED to die young. Wish I could've as a teenager... but it wasn't meant to be. All I know is each day I get that much closer to her... Ember... and Mackenzie.